

April 1 1926

Price 15 cents

Life



♦ Easter ♦



Identify the aristocrat
of pens by this
white dot

Here's why we guarantee this fountain pen for a lifetime

The fine old craftsmen who used to cut the exquisite cameos which we are now proud to hand down as heirlooms, were inspired by exactly the same spirit that goes into the making of this remarkable pen. It is the product of infinite pains. And as such it is an infallible performer, and a thing of real beauty. Like its twin, the Titan pencil, it is made of Radite, a new jewel-like material of handsome jade-green, that is practically indestructible. And that is why it can be guaranteed, without condition, for a lifetime. Its first cost is its last cost—always.

"Lifetime" pen, \$8.75—pencil, \$4.25—Lady "Lifetime," \$7.50—guaranteed

At better stores everywhere

SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W.A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
FORT MADISON, IOWA



THERE is no
finer eight per-
formance—from
any car, at any
price, in America



HUPMOBILE EIGHT

*Hupmobile Six—all the old sturdy soundness, with a new quality of brilliance
which has taken the public by storm*

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Pub. Co., at 535 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 37, No. 2265. April 1, 1936. Entered as Second Class Matter, June 8, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright, 1936, LIFE, in the U. S., England and British Possession.



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Joan (idling a few busy moments at the Park Lane):

"WHY DO THEY CALL THIS PRICELESS DRINK
A CLICQUOT CLUB COBBLER?"

Elaine (who thinks "flappers" lived in Victoria's reign):

"BECAUSE IT'S GOOD FOR YOUR SOUL, SILLY."

AT THE PARK LANE

Kurt Randig, maitre d'hotel of the Park Lane, says:
"A secret? But yes, two secrets. First, the delicate flavor of
the Clicquot Club Pale Dry Ginger Ale. Nothing is just
like it. Second, it is the art with which we compose the
Cobbler. Voila! The delicious Clicquot Club Cobbler." . . .
The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Massachusetts.

• LIFE •

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT - BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



The Better Buick

People who ask for the finest in
motor car design find it, at its most
reasonable price, in the Better Buick.

.. ..



• LIFE •



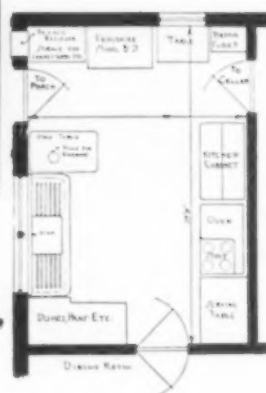
"I can tell that taste
in the dark"

CHESTERFIELD

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO



—and this beautiful kitchen won the First Prize”



The design shown here in both perspective and plan won the First Prize in the Frigidare Architectural Competition. It was submitted by Mr. Harry P. Braisted of New Haven, Connecticut.

May we send you —
A Book of Prize-Winning Kitchens,
Equipped with Frigidaire

THE development of Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration has brought about a new type of kitchen architecture—more convenient, more attractive, more efficient—designed without the handicap of providing for an outside ice supply.

Such a kitchen is illustrated above in perspective and plan. It was the winner of first prize in a nationwide architectural competition, in which plans submitted were judged by Miss Katharine A. Fisher, of *Good Housekeeping*, Miss Mabel Jewett Crosby, of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and Messrs. Charles A. Schneider, James Wilson Thomas and John Henri Deeken, prominent and successful residence architects.

And now we offer to the women of America a beautiful bound collection of the most interesting and valuable of these plans, together with the comments of the Jury of Award. They contain many ingenious suggestions for time-saving and labor-saving kitchen arrangements. They show how the use of Frigidaire can greatly improve the plan of kitchens for new homes—and they show, too, how Frigidaire, installed in your own ice-box, can produce a remarkable transformation in the convenience and efficiency of your present kitchen.

Write today for the complete set of these most helpful plans. Simply mail the coupon below.

*This Coupon
will bring you the
Frigidaire plans
for Model Kitchens*



DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, Dept. V-30, DAYTON, OHIO
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

The World's Largest Makers of Electric Refrigerators

Frigidaire

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY,
Dept. V-30, Dayton, Ohio

Please send me, without cost, the complete set of plans for Modern Kitchens.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



Chrysler "70" Roadster,
\$1625, f. o. b. Detroit

MEN AND WOMEN WHO KNOW PREFER CHRYSLER "70"

The most conclusive endorsement of the inbuilt quality of Chrysler "70" is given by men and women who for years drove the costliest cars that America and Europe could produce.

These men and women have unhesitatingly expressed preference for Chrysler "70", discarding their bulky and cumber-

some equipages for the verve of Chrysler performance, Chrysler compactness, Chrysler roadability and the magical ease and comfort of Chrysler operation.

It is the singular union of these qualities—found only in Chrysler "70"—which appeals so convincingly to those who know and appreciate true motor car superiority.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER
"70"




CHRYSLER "70"—Phaeton, \$1395; Coach, \$1445; Roadster, \$1625; Sedan, \$1695; Royal Coupe, \$1795; Brougham, \$1865; Royal Sedan, \$1995; Crown Sedan, \$2095. Disc wheels optional.
CHRYSLER "58"—Touring Car, \$845; Roadster Special, \$890; Club Coupe, \$895; Coach, \$935; Sedan, \$995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.
CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—Phaeton, \$2645; Roadster (wire wheels standard equipment; wood wheels optional), \$2885; Coupe, four-passenger, \$3195; Sedan, five-passenger, \$3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, \$3595; Sedan-limousine, \$3695.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.
Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.
There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.
All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

MAR 30 1926

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ONE MOTHER, ONE FATHER, ONE TONSIL-
EXPERT, FOUR GENERAL PRACTITIONERS,
THREE TRAINED NURSES, FIVE GOVERN-
ESSES, FIFTY-SIX ORDINARY TEACHERS,
THIRTY-TWO PROFESSORS, AND THREE
ATHLETIC TRAINERS COMBINED THEIR
EFFORTS TO PRODUCE THIS.

In Preparation

HIS polished his topper—it's shining
like copper,
His monkey-tail coat's spick and
span;
She'll wear on the matin her bonnet of
satin,
Her tailor-made dress, done in tan.
With gloves and with bootings, with
hose and with suitings
They've both taken infinite pains;
For weeks they've been talking of
Easter Day walking—
But what will they do if it rains?
Smoff.

Harbingers

"SPRING is heah, at last!" ex-
claimed Sorghum Planter, of
Northern Virginia, to his wife one
morning. "I heard th' honk o' th'
nawth-bound flivvehs all night long!"

NOWADAYS woman's place is in
the Sunday rotogravure section.

Life

The Whole Story—At Last

EVE," said Adam, "there's some-
thing lacking here. This Para-
dise isn't all it's cracked up to
be. I can't figure for the life of me
what it is we ought to have, but this
place is undeniably monotonous. I
can't stand it much longer."

"I agree with you," replied his spouse.
"Now that the novelty of these vari-
ous animals and flowers is wearing off,
things are getting duller and duller.
Why, there's nothing to talk about."

"That's it, Eve. Nothing to talk
about." And Adam grew sad and
pensive.

For days the couple languished in
silence while the Creator from on high
looked on in bewilderment and chagrin.

"Can it be," he mused, "that with all
my omnipotence and Divine wisdom I
forgot something when I created the
world?" And God racked his brains.
Suddenly he sprang up from the Celes-

tial Throne, a gleam of triumph visible
in his eyes.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "How
stupid of me!" And God gave Adam
and Eve weather.

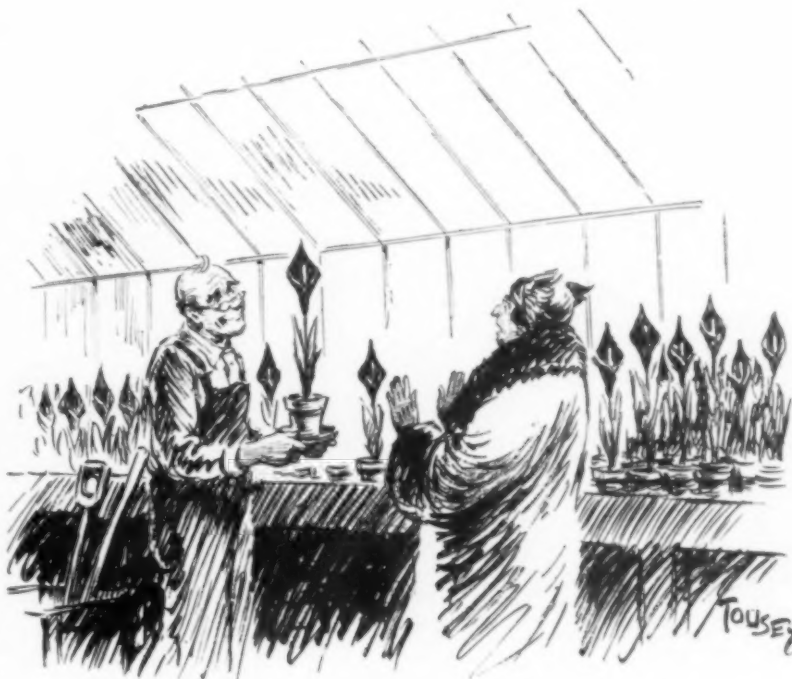
A few days later the Serpent
chuckled to himself: "I'd never have
had a chance if God hadn't given that
couple something really worth handing
down to their descendants."

Parke Cummings.

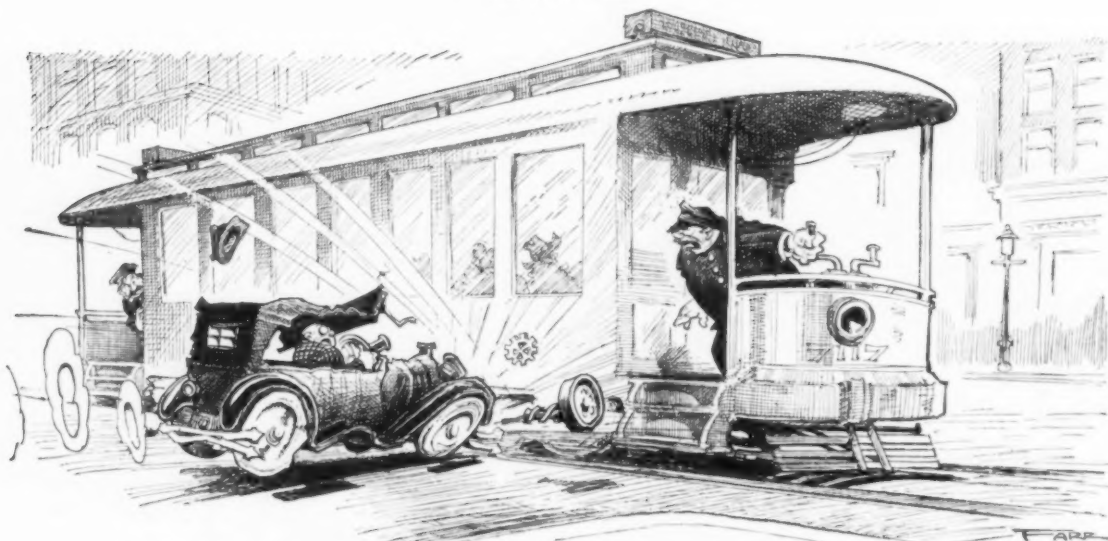
Why Designate April First As Fools' Day—

WHEN hair restorers, bootleg
liquor, personal magnetism
courses, tabloid newspapers, fifty-mile-
to-the-gallon attachments, sex maga-
zines, lottery tickets, sight-unseen real
estate, easy-to-play saxophones, crystal
sets and second-hand flivvers are sold
every day?

Bill Sykes.



Apologetic Florist: SORRY, MADAM, ONLY BLACK LILIES THIS EASTER. YOU SEE, WE
HAD TO HEAT OUR GREENHOUSES WITH SOFT COAL LAST WINTER.



"LISTEN, SILLY—IF YOU WANTED TO GO UNDER ME, WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT YOUR TOP DOWN?"

How to Tell When Easter Comes

WE will concede right away, children, that this is a silly old title for this Lecture, because any one of you knows that Easter *comes* on the day when the letter carriers and delicatessen people put on silk hats and *would* look like millionaires, if all the millionaires weren't home dissolving beef tablets in cups of hot water. Perhaps a better name would be "How to Tell When Easter *Will* Come."

All right, then. Easter Sunday is the first Sunday after the Paschal full moon, that is, the first Sunday after the ecclesiastical full moon on or next after March 21, and the fourteenth day after a lunar month reckoned according to an ancient ecclesiastical computation and not the real or astronomical full moon. No, Sumner, Teacher is *not* cribbing this out of the *World Almanac*; she carries it right in her head along with a lot of fascinating data.

Now, the next thing is to be able to recognize the Paschal full moon when it comes and slaps you between the eyes, as Galileo would say. Think of all the fun you could have with your playmates, to be able to point to a moon and say: "That

ain't no ordinary full moon, that ain't; that's the Paschal full moon, that is!" No, Raymond, Teacher said NO!

First, you should sneak over to Papa's medicine chest and sample the brown bottle labeled "Poison! Beware!" It will be, too, but not the same kind. Then go outdoors and look at the moon. How many moons will you see? Correct, Lacy Stevenson, you will see three moons.

It is now the simplest thing in the world. Pick out the moon—or "lunar satellite," as it is sometimes racyly termed—that looks most like what a Paschal full moon *would* look like, if there was any one on earth who had the faintest idea what a Paschal full moon *does* look like. There isn't, so if anybody tries to argue with you just call him an old liar.

From then on, it is only a matter of computation. You take the first Sunday after the fourteenth day—I mean the first ancient ecclesiastical Sunday after the astronomical lunar month—that is to say, the first March 21 after the ecclesiastical Paschal—

Well, anyway, if this isn't all clear, you can phone to the newspapers and ask them the date of Easter, because they know *everything*. And Raymond, you will stay after school and wash the blackboards!

Tip Bliss.



OVERHEARD DURING THE EASTER PARADE

"DARLING, YOU LOOK PERFECTLY STUNNING. I ALWAYS DID LIKE YOU IN THAT DRESS!"

Cause and Effect

VISITOR (at insane asylum): So this is your worst case, eh? How did he go loony?

ATTENDANT: Trying to dance the Charleston and read a tabloid newspaper at the same time.

DELIRIUM SPRINGUMS



G how sweet are Spring!
With flowerous buds abusting!
And singbirds On the wing!
It's all so interusting!



I wood I was a duck!
Or uke a y-kelele!
This labors I would chuck!
Sweet song I'd warble daily!



O hear this robins swoop!
O here this sperrers flutter!
Them hummingbirds, how whoop!
Thus bum bullbee, how skitter!

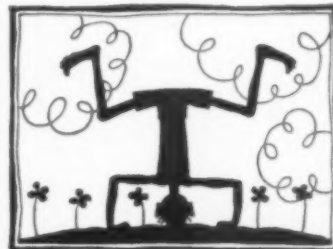
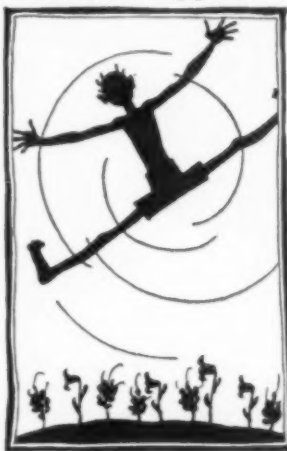
I would I are a gophe!
A wild ones, truly rilly!
Beneath thus grass I'd loaf!
How cookoo sweet! What silly!



Thus world wake ups agreen!
Cute buttieflies allecker!
I love them worm I seen!
And O! thow wild wouldpecker!



Dough me sew la seed dough!
Who ray! The daff's is dilling!
Aint them weeds perty though!
Aint Nature swimplly thrilling!



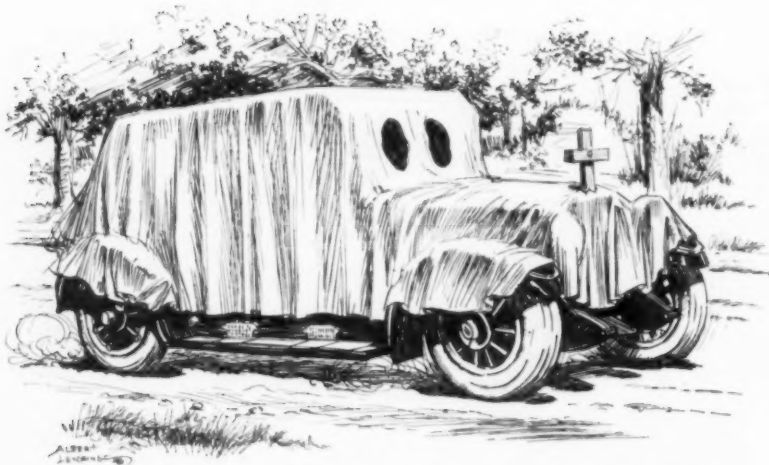
O jee O gosh O my!
I've gotta dance and caper!
Sweet notions fills the sky!
Sweet notions! an some vapor!



Les sing an houp an breathe!
Les yell an bark an holler!
Les let our feelins seethe!
Oo! ketch me thet thare swaller!



Look how them tendrils curls!
* * * * *
My scents of duty's hazy!
I'd skemper with them skwurls!
— But I'm 2 doggoned lazy!



THE IMPERIAL WIZARD GOES OUT FOR SOME FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE

God Bless Me!

GOD bless me. I'm the little, under-nourished, unobtrusive man. While Powerful Magnates, literary lions, burly toughs, successful salesmen, famous actors, shrewish wives and mothers-in-law, Congressmen and champion golfers strut around, boast of phenomenal accomplishments, and utter pompous sentiments, I cower in my

corner, meek and humble as a lamb.

But when they've finished their lengthy tirades, I clear my throat, adjust my tie nervously, and, in my little squeaky voice, deliver the point of the joke. My batting average is a thousand. I've never failed a humorist yet.

God bless me!

Parke Cummings.

Renunciation

WHEN my first love first looked at me
As if she'd bit a green persimmon

I shuddered broken-heartedly,
"I'm through with women!"

Again, when Claire my love withstood,
With feelings torn and lacerated,
That this time I was through for good,
I freely stated.

And later when rejected by
Beth, Flo and Anne in quick succession,
Each time from girls thenceforth to fly
I made profession.

But then into my life came—you!
Love—I had sworn that I'd forego it.

I'd thought that girls and I were through.

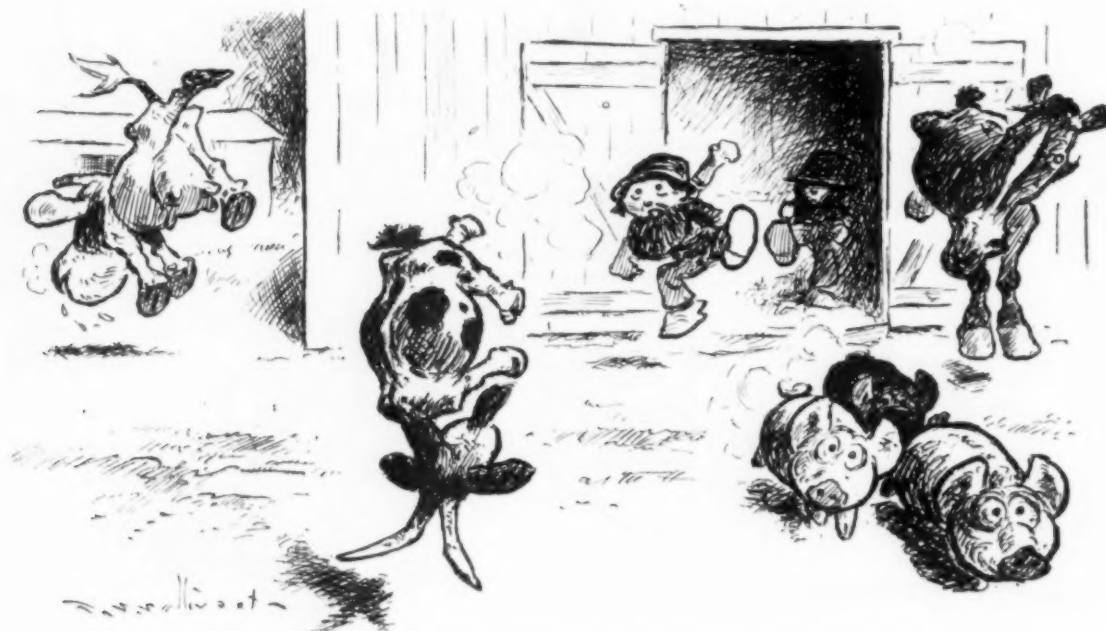
Hell! Now I know it!

Baron Ireland.

Adapted

"DOES your wife always write original jokes?"

"No; she sold a couple yesterday."



Farmer Brown: GREAT SNAKES, I BELIEVE THAT BILLYGOAT IS GONE PLUMB CRAZY.

Hired Man: I SHOULDN'T WONDER. THE OLD FOOL IS JUST AFTER EATING ONE OF THEM CITY
TABLOID PICTURE PAPERS.



"SO FAR AS WE ARE CONCERNED, AGNES, THE DISCUSSION IS IRRELEVANT. IT IS A PLACE NO LADY WOULD EVER BE SEEN IN."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

March 7th News this morning that the French Cabinet has fallen, but when I did read it from the journals to my husband, poor wretch, he professed the profoundest indifference to it, being racked and solely concerned with agonies in his head and stomach superinduced by his revelry of the previous night, so I did dose him with bromides, and his goings-on were so monotonous and protracted that it was his good fortune that no knock-out drops were handy, for I do fear I should have been tempted to administer some to him....Marge Boothby in after church, greatly wroth over the trim the barber gave her hair yesterday, nor did I blame her, neither, for Lord, she looked like a priest in "Aida" at the sides, and like a Shakespearian page in an ill-fitting wig at the back. Then we to luncheon with Marie Chadbourne, finding her all a-twitter over a Rolls-Royce which her husband had just given her, and desirous of driving straightway to Dunhill's in an attempt to impress the supercilious doorman there, but we did all agree that it were better to fall upon the cheese soufflé before it fell upon the cook, so to table, with much merriment. And Marie did tell us how she had

explained fractions to her child by addressing him thus: Suppose, darling, that we were having for dessert a pie which Delia had cut into six pieces and I should go into the kitchen and tell her that we were to be ten at dinner—what would Delia say? Whereupon Genie Seabury piped up, Delia would probably say—Oh, that's all right, we'll open up a can of cherries!...The Bannings to dinner, and the discourse did swing to G. O., a man whose shortcomings are self-evident and of a sinister magnitude, and Bob Banning did say, Even Pollyanna Pep can say nought to mitigate the fact of *his* existence, whereto I rejoined, Indeed I can; he might have been twins.

March 9th Up betimes, making a fine breakfast of water-cress and marmalade on toast, and then to the silversmith's to choose the new dressing-table appointments which Sam is giving me, and I did decide upon the Pembroke pattern, of an elegant simplicity, and far removed from the bas-relief roses and Medusa heads of the 1890's. Then to luncheon at an inn with Lizzie Atwater, who did let down her (Continued on page 39)



MA FERGUSON wants to be elected Governor again for her husband's vindication. Evidently his first vindication didn't take.

¶

And now San Francisco customs officials are holding up a shipment of the works of OVID on the grounds of moral turpitude. A tremendous increase in enrollment in Latin classes in the nation's schools is expected.

¶

Hexylresorcinol, an antiseptic fifty times stronger than carbolic acid, may be swallowed without injury. Until it can be produced in larger quantities, only one bottle will be sold to a customer.

¶

Supreme Court Justice OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday, had not been absent from his job in twenty-four years, but our guess is that even he looks occasionally at the calendar and mutters: "Ho-hum, seems as if this quarter-century will *never* end!"

¶

Justice HOLMES's record is equalled only by that of the

GOULD family, who also have not missed a court session for twenty-four years.

¶

Radicalism will never gain a foothold in the United States while the Master Hairdressers' Association is on the job. Its president, CHARLES NESSLER, has just made the annual prediction that bobbed hair is on the wane.

¶

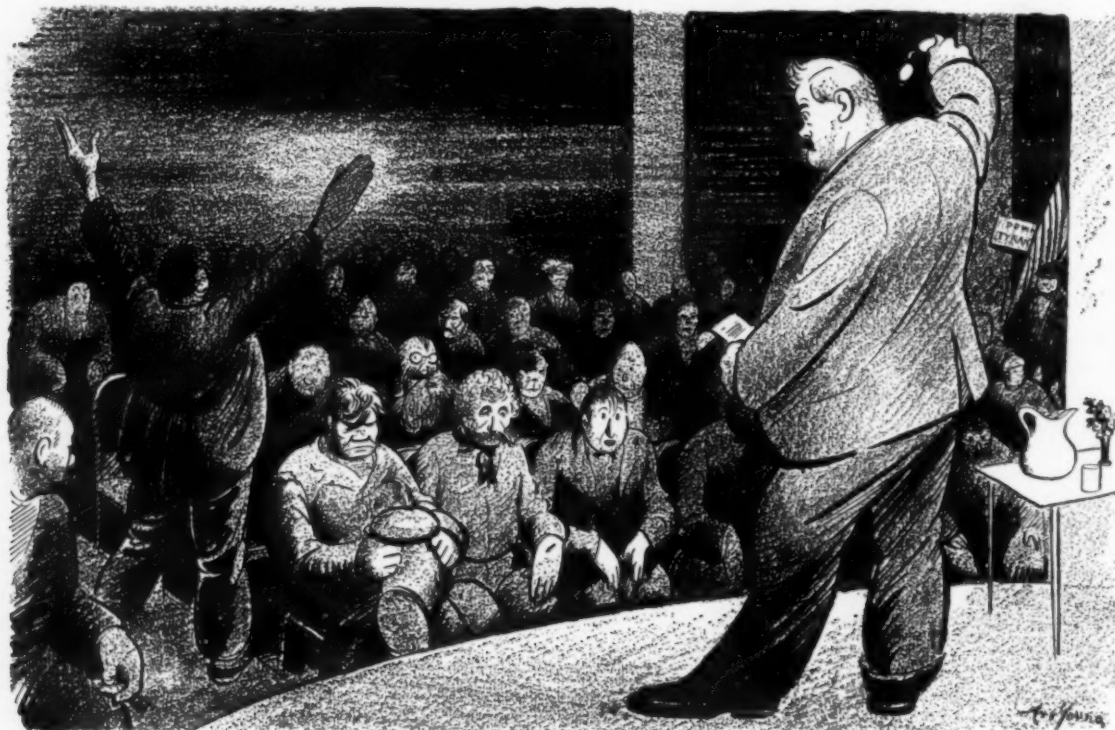
Dr. HRDLICKA's discovery that the forehead of the typical American is increasing in height is said to have cast gloom throughout the tabloid newspaper industry. It was only on his assurance that the height of the brow was no index of intelligence that the worried editors decided to resume publication.

¶

Dr. HRDLICKA describes the New American as a person of "relatively few extremes." The popularity of the Charleston thus remains unexplained.

¶

It is a wise Frenchman that knows his own Premier.



Speaker (at labor meeting): AND WHERE, I ASK YOU, IS JULIUS CÆSAR? WHERE IS ATILIA THE HUN? WHERE ARE MOSES, ROBERT BRUCE, CHARLEMAGNE, HANNIBAL?
Enthusiastic Usher: STAND UP, BOYS, SO'S THE BOSS CAN SEE YOU!

Easter Parade

WHAT though the nipping little breezes
Carry sniffles, coughs and sneezes,
This is the *one* day
A year—Easter Sunday—
When matron and maiden
Go Easter Paradin'.

Hats—hats—saucy ones are *in* again;
Spats—spats hug the manly shin again;
Pumps—pumps—tramping up-and-down again;
Thumps—thumps—ringing 'round the town again.
Hose—hose—sheerest on display again—
Clothes—Clothes—Monarch for a Day Again!

There in the foreground, the first one to strut away,
Flipping a butt away, buttoning his cutaway,
Stalks Michael Grady.
A past somewhat shady
Doesn't depress him or even distress him,
Since Mike got a valet who knows how to dress him.
Mannequins march with impersonal glances;
Débutante daughters look over their chances,
Dames from Delancey, flamboyantly fancy,
Tony the Barber and Young Gashouse Clancy
Stroll no whit faster
Than Commodore Astor,
Leisurely walk with Society's mentors,
Newport frequenters and hundred-per-centers,
Fused in the melting pot, pure and alloy,
Up past The Plaza and former Savoy
Flock the "four hundred" and mere hoi polloi!

Snobs—snobs—peer with glances wary at
Mobs—mobs—of the proletariat.
Blood—blood—of the blue autocracy—
Thud—thud—tramps the new democracy!

There's Mrs. Milligan, dressed up to kill again,
Handing her rivals an envious chill again.
Note Mrs. Harris' ensemble from Paris,
Purchased maliciously just to embarrass

Mrs. Mahoney's
Mah-jong-playing cronies

Who, since her marriage, delight to disparage
Poor Mrs. Harris' appearance and carriage.
Here come the beves of crack husband-shooters,
Flanked by the Levys, the rich cloak-and-suiters.
Cheap chiropractors and fake social factors,
Three-a-day actors and garbage contractors
Jostle the aimless,
Eugenically blameless

Offspring of those in the *Mayflower's* steerage,
High-hatting now as America's Peerage.
Far overhead, knowing nothing of vanity,
Sol, with urbanity, beams on humanity
Seething and surging in seeming insanity!

Peep—peep—at the clothes the *others* wear;
Creep—creep—shipping clerk and millionaire.
Beaus—beaus—this the day of days for them—
CLOTHES—CLOTHES—WHO THE DEVIL PAYS
FOR THEM?

Arthur L. Lipfmann.



"WHAT'S WRONG BETWEEN YOU AND JIM?"
"HE WANTS TO CUT DOWN THE INHERITANCE TAX, AND
I DON'T."

A New Suburban Problem

AN Ohio inventor has found a way to make glass houses
cheaper than frame ones. But what will become of
those desirable residences that are "just a stone's throw
from the station"?



"THEY'RE SPROUTING! WELL, YOU COULD KNOCK ME OVER
WITH A FEATHER!"

So Softly Burns Bituminous



8 A.M.—



10 A.M.—

How I Got Religion

I WAS an atheist. Yes. My skepticism gave me a certain pleasure, but this was not complete. You see, I had never read the Bible. At length I felt that I must do so. I would purchase a copy, digest it, and in the process of digestion reduce the stuff to the essential absurdity I knew it must be. Thus I should become a confident out-and-out unbeliever.

"I want a Bible," I told the clerk at the bookseller's.

He smiled pleasantly.

"Here you are—the best thing in the field."

The book was handsomely bound, handsomely colored—I shan't deny that. But its cover read:

"THE ROMANCE OF THE BIBLE
Hans Van Lunken"

"Three hundred and fifty-six pages—clever drawings by the author," the clerk was saying persuasively. "Plain language...reads like a newspaper, only livelier. Five dollars."

"But I want a Bible," said I, "—the

kind you see in church, or in the parlor on Sunday."

"Here's another sensation in the field," the clerk went on with growing fervor. "Sold three hundred thousand copies this season and still going strong. 'The Plain Man's Bible,' by Jacob Van Truss. One of the most humorous books I've ever read. Sane—condensed—tabloid—written so even a child could enjoy it. Four-fifty. Take it home—read it to the kiddies..."

**NOW YOU
TELL ONE**

"JOHN," said the little wife,
"I took back that new
spring coat of mine to the
store and bought you six pairs
of silk pajamas instead."

"Yes, but I want a—" I began again. The clerk smiled graciously.

"I understand. Now, here's just the thing for you. 'The Busy Man's Bible,' you see. One hundred and forty-seven pages—large type and plenty of pictures. It's positively delicious. Read it at your office, or at your—"

"I want a Bible—the—the King James version," I cried firmly.

The clerk smiled again.

"Look—here's something that'll open your eyes. 'The Straphanger's Bible.' Clever title—what? It's one of the—" I flung myself out of the place.

At the end of three hours or so I had visited all the bookstores in town. I had been offered "The Romance of the Bible," "The Straphanger's Bible," "The Busy Man's Bible," "The Plain Man's Bible," "The Plain Woman's Bible," and what not. The King James Bible was nowhere in stock.

Finally I had an idea. I registered at a leading hotel, and burst into my room with the bellboy at my heels. But two-thirds of the pages in the

Gideon Bible were gone. I appealed to the bellboy.

"Sorry, sir," he said. "They're all that way in this dump. The men use the pages to clean razor-blades, and the ladies use 'em for curling papers."

His eyes brightened.

"I c'n go out and buy you one, sir."

I hurried out of the hotel and onto the street. Near by was a church. I hesitated. Finally, in desperation, I entered.

Well, sir, it got me....

Tupper Greenwald.

The Off-Season

TWO Broadway actors stopped in at a church during Holy Week, and were grieved to observe that the place was practically empty.

"They don't seem to be drawing much of a crowd here," said one.

"It's the same everywhere," lamented the other. "Business is always off during Lent."

A MINOR league baseball team organizes: "Now, fellers, let's see—one, two, three, four, five, six—yep, that's a nine."



FLAVORED LIP-STICKS

"SANDY'S CALLING TO-NIGHT—I'D BETTER USE THE SCOTCH."

Move On

FRIEND: So you've bought a car on the installment plan—and how do you intend to keep the wolf from the door?

NEW MOTORIST: I just put up a no-parking sign.

ONE'S mother-in-law seldom goes without saying.

Some Perennial Easter Announcements

BABE RUTH reports that he has worked off three hundred and eight pounds of excess weight and is now ready for the coming campaign.

Four brave the water at Coney Island and announce it is as warm as toast.

Prophet predicts hottest summer in history.

Full-grown dandelion reported found in Central Park.

Preliminary marble tournament, held in Newark, won by Oscar Subinowski, twenty-one years old.

Prophet predicts coolest summer in history.

Commissioner of Parks orders two thousand new "Keep Off Grass" signs.

Babe Ruth collapses in training camp and blames his attempt to combine baseball and journalism.

Richard W. Thomas.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

2 P.M.—



6 P.M.



WAYS AND MEANS

Alice: ISN'T IT AWFUL HOW GLADYS LETS
ALL THE MEN MAKE LOVE TO HER!

Virginia: I DON'T KNOW. HOW DOES SHE
DO IT?

Appearances

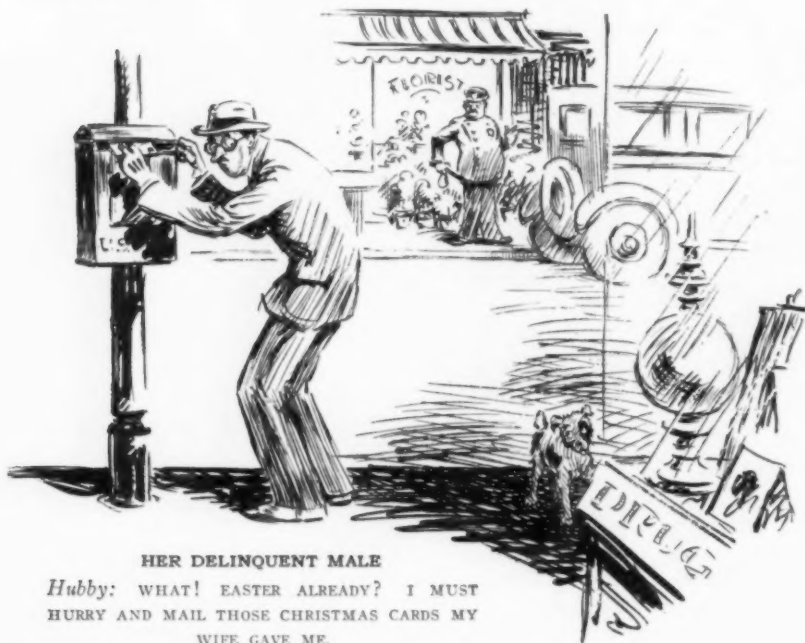
"WHY didn't you hire that stenogra-
pher? She seemed quite capable."

"No doubt she was, but didn't you
notice how her stockings bagged at
the knees?"

Ruined

PRISON VISITOR: Do you think
your early environment was in any
way responsible?

CONVICT: Yes; I used to be a page
in Congress.



HER DELINQUENT MALE

Hubby: WHAT! EASTER ALREADY? I MUST
HURRY AND MAIL THOSE CHRISTMAS CARDS MY
WIFE GAVE ME.

Information, Please!

Or, Try and Get It

INFORMATION (smiling as to the
voice): Informa—tion!

THE SUBSCRIBER: I'd like the
number of Martin B. Geek, 145 East
51.

INFORMATION: Martin—Robert,
B, as in orange, Geek—J-o-n-e-s;
one-three-eight west one-one-nine. One
moment, ple-az. (Information puts on
her hat and coat, powders her nose,
tells her co-workers not to take any
wooden nickels and gets on a bus
going to Jackson Heights, L. I., re-
turning by Broadway subway. Hangs
up her hat and coat, powders her nose
and eats one pound assorted caramels.
Works out the significance of name,
"Calvin Coolidge," by numerology.
Doesn't think much of result.) Is it
a new number?

THE SUBSCRIBER: It was.

INFORMATION: One moment, ple-az.
Keep your shirt on, ple-az. (Writes
twenty-four-page letter to boy friend.
Powders her nose and eats one pound
chocolate peppermint patties. Mani-
cures nails and makes over blue char-
meuse. Goes out to lunch and plays
three rubbers of bridge. Assembles
parts of eight-tube radio set and takes
saxophone lesson. Smokes cigarette.
Smokes another cigarette. Decides to
cut out smoking.) Had you looked up
the number in the book?

THE SUBSCRIBER (who is nobody's
fool, some of the time): Yes.

INFORMATION: One moment, ple-az.
(Suddenly decides she would like to go
to Bermuda. Girls insist on giving her
a farewell dinner. More darn fun and
you ought to see her stateroom—just a
bower of roses. Returns from Ber-
muda via the Panama Canal. She is
all brown and healthy.) Martin B.
Geek, 145 East 51 Street?

THE SUBSCRIBER (weakly and in agate
type): Yes, please.

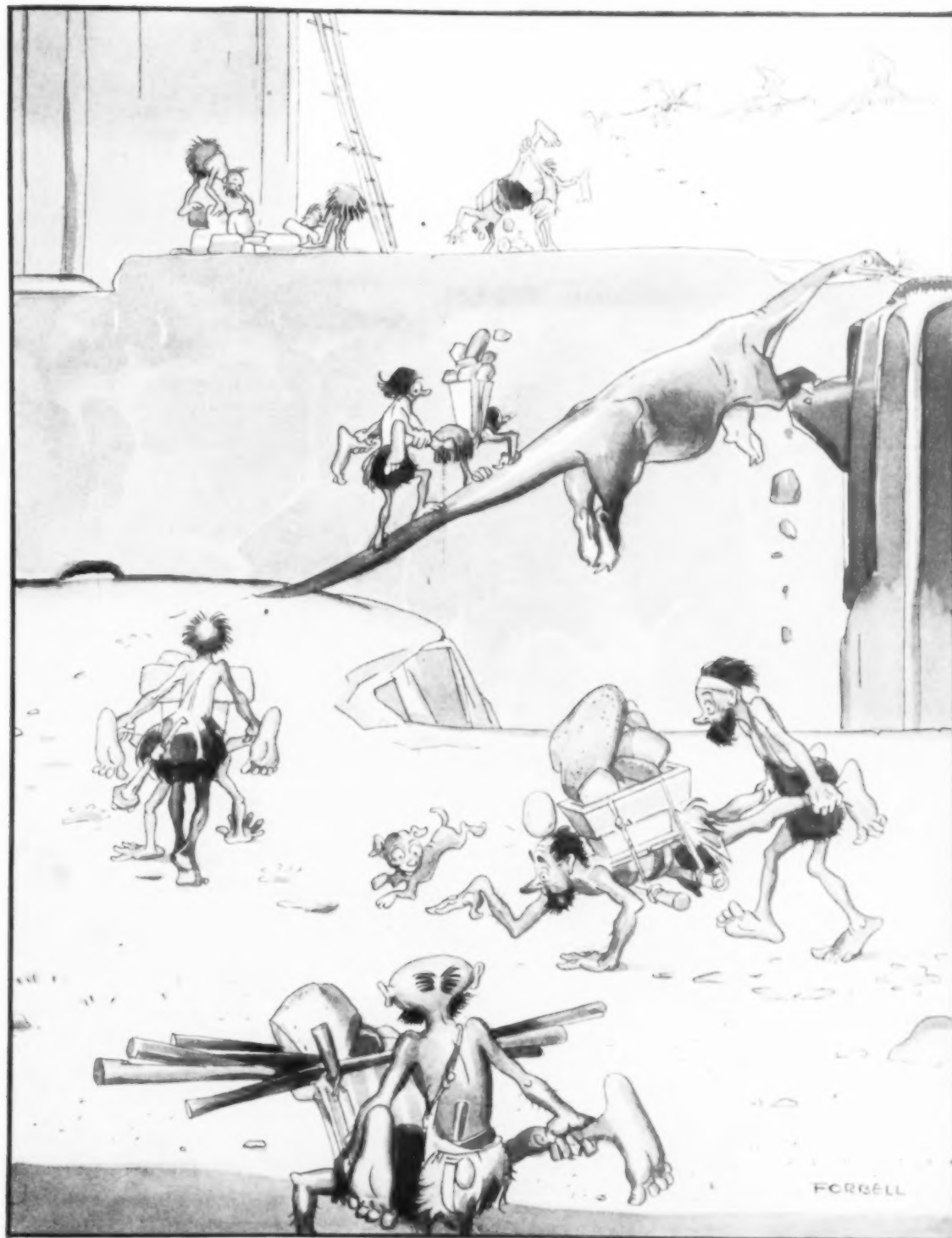
INFORMATION (like a lark, or maybe a
nightingale): There is no num-ber
listed under that na-yame!

Henry William Hanemann.

Home Again

"WHO is the man with all the for-
eign hotel stickers on his lug-
gage?"

"Oh, he's the railroad president who
made a fortune out of the 'See America
First' movement."



The First Wheelbarrow



APRIL 1, 1926

VOL. 87. 2265

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

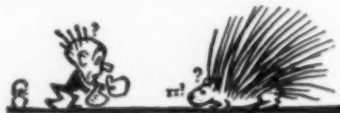
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue, New YorkCHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*
F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

WHILE Congress was discussing Prohibition and Volstead-law enforcement and showing some heat about it, a committee of Drys made up of Anti-Saloon League officials called on President Coolidge and laid before him proposals for stricter dry enforcement measures. They seemed to feel that Mr. Coolidge might be more zealous in enforcement without throwing himself into perspirations that would be dangerous in the month of March. But Mr. Coolidge seemed not to feel so about it, but considered, so it appears, that Prohibition enforcement was going on well and that there was no immediate need of his intruding upon the discussion of it.

It is a good thing to have Mr. Coolidge reach this conclusion, the more so because dry-law enforcement, when zealously undertaken, has a bad effect on reputations, and seems to have a bad effect on character and discernment. A good lively spell of Volstead-law enforcement seems to queer one very soon for other employment. Mr. Buckner here, a man of excellent character, reputation and ability, at once on undertaking dry enforcement duties found himself at loggerheads with most of his friends as to what was honorable conduct. He instigated young men who had come under his influence to procure information by means that many people of reasonably good judgment considered dishonorable. Perhaps Mr. Buckner in the end will increase his reputation by his anti-liquor labors, perhaps not; but if he cannot do the Drys' jobs without damage to his character, who can?

Then take note of General Smedley Butler. General Butler went to Phila-

delphia as dry enforcement officer with a brilliant reputation as an officer in the Marine Corps and a soldier of talent and energy. He could not make Philadelphia dry, and quit the job because he lost the political support necessary to it. He went back to Los Angeles and to his place in the Army, and almost immediately appears as the accuser of a fellow officer for having cocktails at a party. The next thing one hears of General Butler is that he is in a naval hospital at San Diego as the result of a nervous collapse attributed to infected teeth and worry about his charges made against Colonel Williams. Dry enforcement work seems to have impaired General Butler's judgment. However, if the case is going to court-martial, let the court-martial decide as to that, but meanwhile we may commend Mr. Coolidge's discreet avoidance of unnecessary connection with this perilous activity.



BROOKLYN clergymen are about to discuss the crime situation. They will confer about it at a Brooklyn hotel on the 19th of April. It is a proper subject to discuss, as there is a lot more crime than is necessary or convenient. Jewelers feel strongly about it. Hold-up men come in and take away their portable embellishments. They think we ought to have in New York about twenty-five thousand more policemen, which may be true.

But while this talk is proceeding can't the criminals, the hold-up men and all the others hire some convenient hall and discuss the clergy and why they don't make a better job of induc-

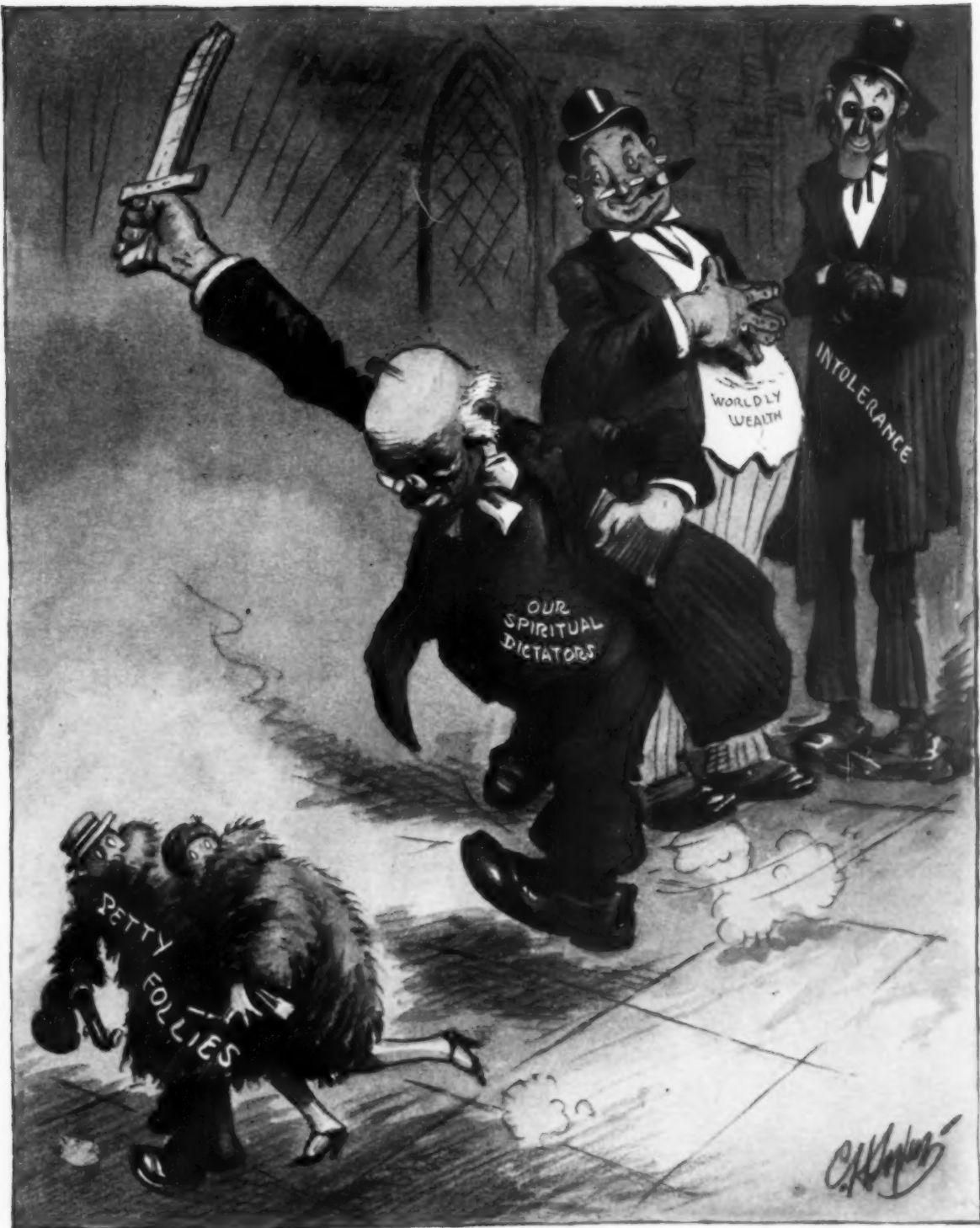
ing order, security and other desirable things in society? Burglary insurance is up fifteen per cent. What will the clergy do to bring it down? One reads in the paper that a Dutch Reformed clergyman in Amsterdam, N. Y., Mr. Geelkerken, has been suspended for three months by the General Synod of the Reformed Churches for refusing to sign an agreement to interpret Genesis literally. It seems that he disclosed doubts in a sermon about the facts of the story of Eve and the serpent. Over in Newark Presbyterians of the New Jersey Synod have been considering Mr. Clee, a Baptist preacher called to a Presbyterian Church, who was examined on his beliefs and said he had not come to final conclusions about the Virgin Birth, the resurrection of Lazarus, Christ's stalling of the storm, the miracle of the loaves and fishes and the material resurrection of Christ's body. That is interesting because it is so specific. Mr. Clee as a young man ought to have twenty-five or thirty years to think these points over. As to most of them there is good, modern, available information that should help him out, but it is not yet easily come by, and he may not get it. The point is that while the minds of the clergy are so much taken up with discussion of the essentials of belief, they can't do as much as one would like to improve current human character and diminish crime.



WHAT was most praised and most valued in the Locarno pact was the spirit of it. What is most valuable in the League of Nations is the same, the spirit of it. If it represents a strong sentiment for world peace and an intense resolution that the nations shall work together to keep it, then it is valuable. But whenever it becomes the scene of contentions for power between nations, its value wanes, and the hopes that are based on it sag.

Just at this writing it is hard sledding for the League. Its opponents are cheerful and rather noisy; some of its good friends are dejected about it and talk of quitting. But it is a ship designed to navigate stormy waters, and foredoomed to do so, and any of its passengers or crew who take to boats prematurely are likely to regret it.

E. S. Martin.



The Crusader



The First Sign

LIFE •



t Sign of Spring



Just Clowning

Paris, March 15
(no kidding)

LAST week (it may have been Thursday) in New York some one said to us: "You ought to see Grock and the Fratellini before you write any more about clowns."

Now we had no intention of writing any more about clowns, but the statement irritated us.

"Where are they?" we asked.

"In Paris," was the reply.

"In Paris, eh?" we retorted. "Very well. Throw a few things into the bag, Hurlbut. We sail to-morrow. The four corners of the earth are our bailiwick in the never-ending search for pleasing and enlightening material for our readers. You understand 'bailiwick,' Hurlbut?"

"It's in New Jersey, that's all I know," said Hurlbut.

So here we are in Paris, and, having seen Grock and the Fratellini, we are leaving for New York to-morrow. At any rate, we got some good file of sole out of it.



WE had seen the Fratellini before, but thought that maybe we hadn't caught them at their best. Such may still be the case. They have several hundred acts, and whenever we tell a Fratellini enthusiast of the acts that we happened to see, he says regretfully: "That's too bad! You should have seen one of the others."

Well, we have seen about eight Fratellini acts by now, and all of them were punko. That just about lets the boys out so far as we are concerned. We can see funnier clowning by unnamed clowns in any Barnum and Bailey circus—and have. We are not even mentioning the Marx Brothers or Joe Jackson in the same breath, or even the next one.

Summary of preceding paragraph: We don't think that the Fratellini are very funny.



MAY we set down a few of the highly imaginative and diverting bits of business indulged in last night by these world-famous clowns?

1. The most comical of the three wore a wig which, when he became terrified, could be manipulated by a string so that the hair stood on end. We hereby apologize to Willie Howard for having walked out on him when he pulled this one last year.

2. This same comical one, on being undressed, was discovered to be wearing corsets. (Complete collapse of French element in audience.)

3. A game in which one brother was bet ten francs that he couldn't answer all questions with the word "Paper." The final question was: "Which would you rather have, the ten francs or the paper?" Well, you should have seen his face! He was in a quandary indeed.

4. Sundry sticking of pins into seats and pulling away of chairs.

5. And the wow at the finish, which consisted of the comical one's being hit on the nose, which caused it to swell up like a balloon and burst. This bit of business was, as you older boys here will remember, discarded from American circuses coincidentally with the completion of the Panama Canal.

From such rich veins of imagination comes the Fratellini ore. Confront this family of clowns with three minutes of the Marx Brothers and either they would not understand what it was all about, or they would shoot themselves.



UNTIL we saw the Fratellini, Grock was our biggest disappointment among Continental clowns. In retrospect, after his Italian competitors, he seems like a master of subtlety. It is only when the shadow of an Austrian-American named Joe Jackson falls across his act that he disappears from view.

Grock has at least a few minutes of resourceful invention, during which he attempts to juggle his violin bow, finally retiring behind a screen where he will not be embarrassed by the prying gaze of the audience. For the rest, his act seems to depend upon the painted smile which is the charm of so many clowns, some very mediocre gags, whatever comedy effect there may still be in sounding raucous or humanized notes on a musical instrument, and that invaluable calm and confident ease which come only to clowns of established reputation who know that, whatever they do, people are going to laugh at it.

Coming, as he does, in the midst of one of those French revues which are made up of very plain young women doing elementary steps to a score derived entirely from "Tea for Two," with one weak fountain and some plumes thrown in for the big spectacular effect, Grock seems even better than he is. In the ascending order of their merit as entertainers we would name: The Fratellini, Grock, our younger son Bobby, and almost any good circus clown in the United States.

Mais there goes the boat-whistle! Robert Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Craig's Wife. *Morisco*—Chrystal Herne as the woman who kept her home clean but empty. A good play.

The Creaking Chair. *Lycium*—Melodrama. To be reviewed later.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *Hampden's*—Splendid revival of a thrilling classic.

East Lynne. *Provincetown*—To be reviewed next week.

The Enemy. *Times Square*—Something about the stupidity of War, with Fay Bainter heading the cast.

Ghosts. *Comedy*—To be reviewed next week.

The Great Gatsby. *Ambassador*—James Rennie in a dramatization of the Scott Fitzgerald novel which is as good in its way as the book.

The Great God Brown. *Garrick*—A beautifully written, if not always crystal clear, essay by Eugene O'Neill on the soul's life.

The Green Hat. *Broadhurst*—Sex-life in a borrowed silk hat.

Hush Money. *Forty-Ninth Street*—To be reviewed later.

The Jazz Singer. *Cort*—What happens when you touch a Jewish boy's heart, shown by George Jessel.

The Jest. *Plymouth*—Psychopathic frolics in Florence, indulged in by Basil Sydney, Violet Heming and Alphonza Ethier.

Lulu Belle. *Belasco*—Life reduced to its elements in a spectacular account of a colored dancer's career. Lenore Ulric at her best, ably supported by Henry Hull.

The Makropoulos Secret. *Charles Hopkins*—The moderately interesting handling of a good idea. Helen Menken in the lead.

Not Herbert. *Klaw*—Entertaining melodrama.

The Shanghai Gesture. *Martin Beck*—The Oriental sex-market on a busy day, Florence Reed in charge.

Still Waters. *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed next week.

Twelve Miles Out. *Playhouse*—What happens when strong men clash on the high seas.

The Virgin. *Central*—To be reviewed next week.

Young Woodley. *Belmont*—Glenn Hunter in a beautifully sympathetic portrayal of a young boy in his first love.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Flying fish are sometimes seen at as great a height as fifteen feet.

Alias the Deacon. *Hudson*—The benign card-sharp at work.

The Butter-and-Egg Man. *Longacre*—Gregory Kelly in a highly amusing chronicle of high finance on Broadway.

Cradle Snatchers. *Music Box*—Who are we to be disgusted at this?

Is Zat So? *Chauin's*—Prizefighting comedy which still ought to be very good.

Laff That Off. *Wallack's*—Conventional but quite all right.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. *Fulton*—High-class crooking by such delightful people as Ina Claire, Roland Young and A. E. Matthews.

Love 'Em and Leave 'Em. *Saw H. Harris*—An honest and thoroughly enjoyable play about department store clerks and their troubles.

The Moon Is a Gong. *Cherry Lane*—To be reviewed later.

Ninety Horse Power. *Ritz*—To be reviewed later.

One of the Family. *Eltinge*—Grant Mitchell showing that families behave worse, if anything, in Boston than elsewhere.

The Patsy. *Booth*—A little play which can do you no harm.

Puppy Love. *Forty-Eighth St.*—The tender passion in slapstick, with Vivian Martin.

The Troupier. *52nd St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Wisdom Tooth. *Little*—A delicate and moving fantasy of a young man who went back to his boyhood for a lesson.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Al Jolson has joined Phil Baker and the Hoffmann Girls.

The Bunk of 1926. *Heckscher*—To be reviewed next week.

By the Way. *Gaiety*—Very nice British revue, with Jack Halbert and Cicely Courtneidge.

The Cocoanuts. *Lyric*—Die Gebrüder Marx and very funny.

Dearest Enemy. *Kuickerbocker*—Helen Ford in an equally pretty show.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Shubert*—Florence Moore and Tom Howard in a newer and funnier version.

A Night in Paris. *Casino de Paris*—Good French work.

No, No, Nanette. *Globe*—Still going.

Rainbow Rose. *Forrest*—To be reviewed later.

Song of the Flame. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Just as big.

The Student Prince. *Century*—Hi-ho!

Sunny. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller in a grand show.

Tip-Toes. *Liberty*—One of the best.

The Vagabond King. *Casino*—Old-fashioned operetta.

Vanities of 1926. *Earl Carroll*—For comedy—Joe Cook, Julius Tannen and Frank Tinney.



E. M. NERNEY, JR.

FRESHMEN

She: LET'S DO SOMETHING UNUSUAL.
He: ALL RIGHT, YOU PAY FOR THE TICKETS.



THE MODERNIST COMPOSER GETS AN INSPIRATION

Let the World Go On

PROFESSOR JONES experienced one of the most startling optical illusions the other day. While walking down Fifth Avenue, he saw a modern girl—gay, exotic, well-shaped, with well-exposed legs enhanced by silken hose; flashily and otherwise nattily dressed; saucy, mincing steps—yes, no illusion there: just a typical flapper type.

But, after gazing intently at her for some time, he looked at her face. He had formed a mental picture of what that face would be: pretty, piquant, well-rounded, painted, calclimated, shellacked and dusted—magnificent, but dumb. But what was his sur-

prise to see a bright, intelligent look in her eyes!

"Bless me!" he mused. "What a rare specimen! What a very rare specimen! Typically modern girl with a brightness in her eyes that..."

But no, it couldn't be. Professor Jones, misogynist, would never admit that any girl, much less a chic modern girl, could have intelligence. Still, those eyes—they seemed to be beacons of brightness; how to account for it without inconsistency?

He approached her to investigate this apparent phenomenon further. Ah!—the solution! His theories were not

shattered; his cynicism held good.... The effect was produced by the sun shining through the back of her head.

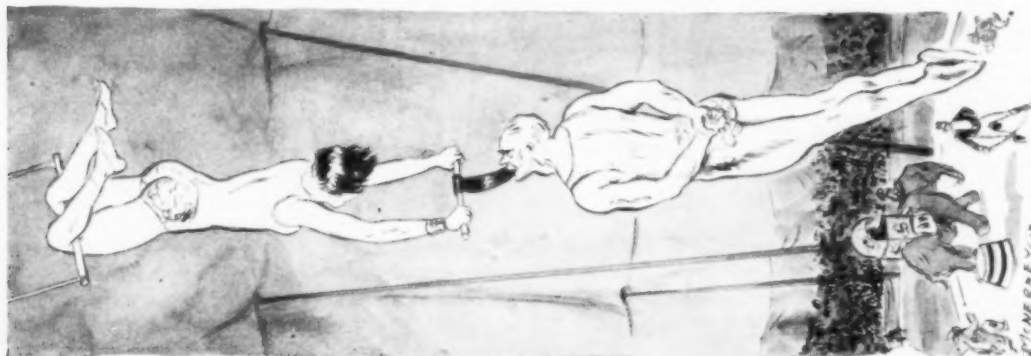
Jack Auburn Pennmann.

Information Wanted

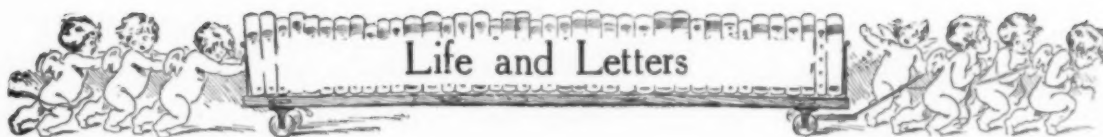
MRS. SUBBUBS: Are there any questions you would like to ask, Nora?

NEW MAID: Yes'm, just one. Where do you keep the time-tables?

NEVERTHELESS it could be worse. Suppose Vice-President Dawes had an Official Spokesman.



The Wife: NOW LISTEN! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU MAKIN' UP TO THAT BLONDE ANY MORE—AND NO BACK TALK, EITHER.



"THE BLACK FLEMINGS," by Kathleen Norris (*Doubleday, Page*), is the most tangled web yet woven from the Cinderella theme. The author herself is obliged to burn the house down to put an end to its ramifications, so far be it from a mere reviewer to attempt their explanation beyond the hint that there is considerable uncertainty throughout the book as to who, amongst the legatee residents of Wastewater Hall, is related to whom, and how. On one page, the withered old woman who has been hidden away for years in a secluded wing is *Gabrielle's* mother, and on the next she is nothing but her aunt. In spite of this blustering attempt at mystery, a child of ten knows from the night of the house party that the lovely *Gay* is really the child of *Roger Fleming* and that she will have the dashing *David* for her own in the end, even though their courtship is conducted with the perspicacity and dialogue which might be expected from two of the nobler and better inmates of a select home for the feeble-minded. But since it develops that *Gay's* mother was the *Marie-Odile* type—she thought that babies grew on trees and had one of her own without any consciousness or memory of the experience—perhaps we mustn't expect too much of her daughter. The reader is hereby warned that he is also expected to swallow a scene wherein a villainous old woman who has changed babies in their cradle, deceived and secluded a half-wit sister for years and attempted to rob the righteous of their inheritance, says, "I meant no harm!" and gets away with it. Nothing like the steam-roller when it comes to smoothing things out for the Great American Public.

WHEN a friend of mine once told me that her younger married sister was becoming awfully Scott-Fitzgeraldy, I asked for more enlightenment and received, "Oh, she holds a levee every morning attended by the type of young man who doesn't realize he's had a thing to drink until he falls down on the floor." "All the Sad Young Men" (*Scribner*) is the title of

Mr. Fitzgerald's latest offering, and as one who has never seen much merit in his writings and who considered "The Great Gatsby" a bewildering and tawdry performance, I herewith set down that in these short stories he has gone considerably forward from the days when his protagonists could be so lightly characterized. The electric sign still flashes faintly in "Rags Martin-Jones and the Prince of Wales," and the more

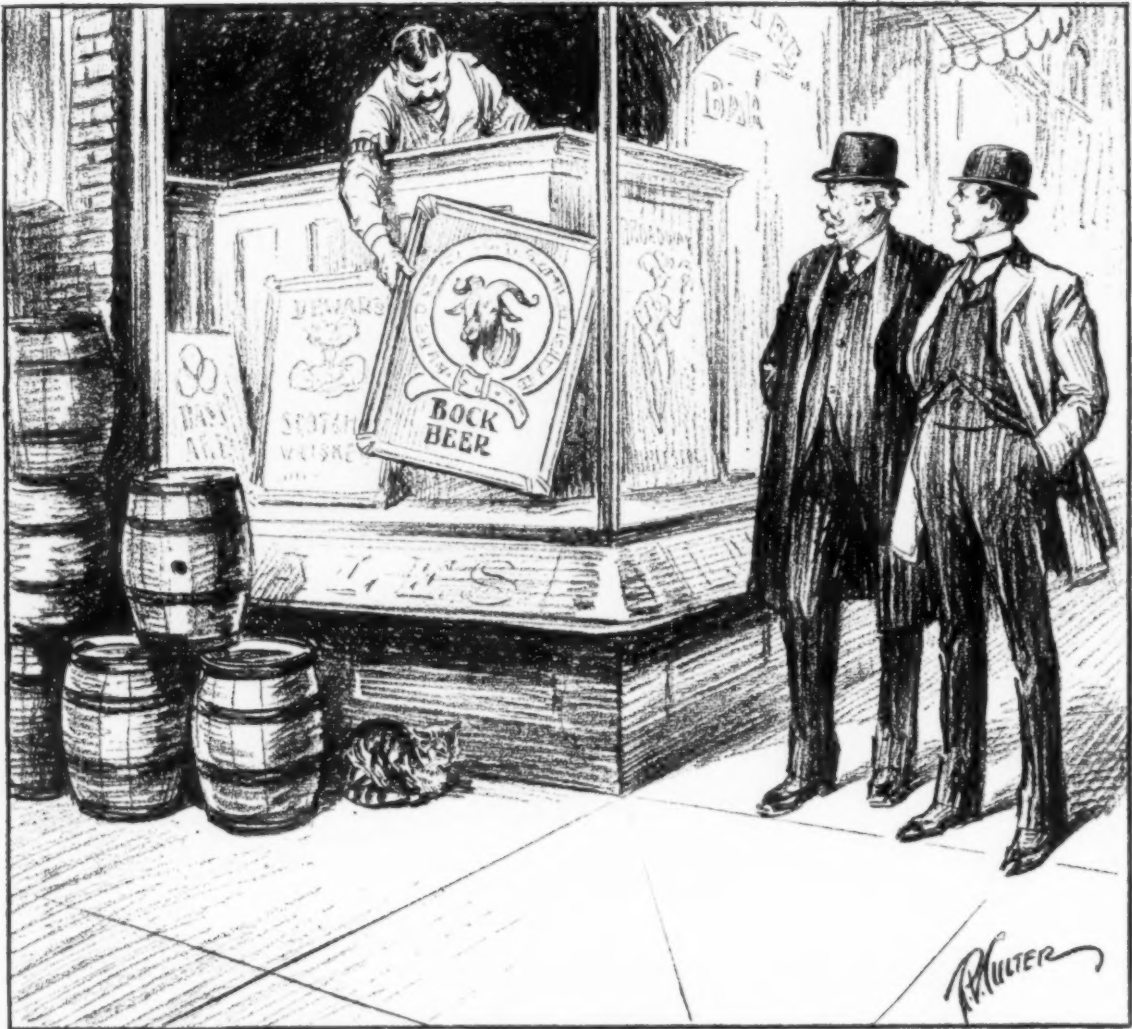
ambitious and creditable "The Rich Boy" and "Winter Dreams" lapse ever so slightly in their denouements, but "The Baby Party" is hilarious in its humor and "Absolution" is a masterpiece in irony.

Mr. Fitzgerald should not, however, allow a lovely lady to wear a sable coat on a summer day, as he does in "The Rich Boy."

(Continued on page 35)



Devout Lady (after the service): OF COURSE, DOCTOR, WE ALL FEEL SORRY TO SEE THE OLD CHURCH COME DOWN, BUT THEN, IT'S SUCH A COMFORT TO KNOW THAT WE ARE MOVING TO PARK AVENUE—AND FRANKLY, I THINK THE LORD WILL LIKE IT EVEN BETTER THERE.



THE GAY NINETIES

A WELCOME HARBINGER OF SPRING IN THE HOPELESSLY UNLEGISLATED NINETIES.

Learn to Swim

THE old advice that you shouldn't go near the water until you learn to swim is so silly.

The really dangerous part about the whole thing is learning to swim before you learn to drown.

Now listen. There are many ways of learning to swim. The simplest is as follows: be a beautiful girl.

Then any one will teach you. Every one will teach you.

That's the trouble. You have so many teachers, you must learn at least a dozen times every season.

Just for the fun of it let's agree that you do not care to be a beautiful girl.

It naturally follows that you do not care to be a homely girl, because homely girls are not beautiful.

Then you must be a man. Is that satisfactory?

All right. You are a man.

Better run around the block and develop a few muscles.

That's better. Now run around on your hands.

That's fine. Rest while we explain.

The old way of teaching a man to

swim was to dress him in his Sunday clothes and send him out riding in a canoe.

But that isn't the new way, because it is too old.

Do you see that guy on the raft out there?

You do? Well, you're learning fast.

That guy on the raft is a bootlegger.

Don't forget to kick your feet.

Tom Sims.

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness, which is next to impossible.

"Whan That Aprille—"

THE clouds have covered all the sky:

Oblivious of that am I.

For I am holding my
Umbrella over Stella.

My dampened collar's wilting down;
I suffer it without a frown,
For I am holding my
Umbrella over Stella.

I feel a sloshing in my shoes:
On that I have no time to muse,
For I am holding my
Umbrella over Stella.

I bless each raindrop as it passes,
Or spatters on my misty glasses,
For I am holding my
Umbrella over Stella.

Does sunshine your emotions stir?
This rainy day I much prefer,
For I am holding my
Umbrella over Stella!

Ivy Kellerman Reed.

"Ain't Legs Nature?"

SOME time ago we began to see "Flesh-Colored Hose." Then came "Nude" and "French Nude." When they were wet, it was impossible to distinguish between bare legs and those encased in chiffon hose. The beach guards gave up trying. In town, the stocking tended to look more and more like the skin it covered.

But a new portent has arisen—nothing less than invisible legs. Pale-gray stockings merge so cunningly into the tint of asphalt that an apparent continuity exists between the top of the galosh and the hem of the fluttering skirt. The perfect camouflage has a repertoire of varied shades—dark asphalt for rainy days; pale asphalt for fine weather and smoky concrete for window-shopping on Fifth Avenue.

On the links the problem threatens to become more serious. Shall we wear grass-green stockings for putting, a heather mixture for the fairway, and amber for the nineteenth hole, or would a more striking effect be obtained by horizon-blue, melting into the sky on the first and sixth tees?

Marston.

ALL work and no play proves that Jack the playwright is a pretty dull boy.



DECORATIVE

First Divorcée: HOW IS IT YOU'VE KEPT THE SAME HUSBAND FOR FIVE YEARS?
Second Divorcée: HIS COMPLEXION MATCHES MY FURNITURE.



NEXT IN LINE

Fisherman: WHEN YOU GET THROUGH WITH THE POND, OLD CHAP, I'D LIKE TO USE IT; THAT IS, IF YOU DON'T MIND.



"Fascinating Youth"

THE Commencement exercises of the Class of 1926 at the Paramount Pictures School were held recently in the Grand Ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton in New York City, and a more impressive ceremony I have frequently witnessed. There were no elm trees on the Ritz campus, to be sure, no caps and gowns and no roistering alumni (this being the first class to be graduated from old Paramount, and if it proves to be the last, I for one expect to shed no tears). The academic spirit was there, however, and when kind old Professor Lasky delivered his baccalaureate address, the press agents' cheers were deafening.

After the eight young ladies (cuties all) and the eight young gentlemen (fairly effective replicas of Richard Barthelmess) had received their diplomas, the guests were treated to a view of "Fascinating Youth," the picture which the kiddies had made in the course of their scholastic duties.

IF "Fascinating Youth" were viewed merely as an experiment—as a test of untried abilities—one could murmur, "Very interesting," and change the subject. But I understand that it is to be released as a regular feature picture, to be offered to the public in competition with the works of such uneducated day-laborers as Ernst Lubitsch, James Cruze, Malcolm St. Clair and Erich von Stroheim.

It is necessary, therefore, for me to consider it coldly, on its merits as a motion picture—a difficult task, in view of the fact that such merits are not visible to the naked eye.

"Fascinating Youth" is puerile to the point of imbecility. It has no story, no semblance of dramatic interest; possibly some of the embryo stars have talent, but none of this is given an opportunity to develop. With sixteen

principal players in the cast, it is not easy to focus on any one.

Nor are the results of the six months' arduous training readily apparent in the students' work on the screen. So far as I could observe, the boys and girls gained nothing during their bright college years at Paramount but a complete mastery of the Charleston, which they perform strenuously during all their big emotional scenes. They could have learned that much at Yale.

The main "love interest," if such it can be called, is carried by Charles Rogers (age 21), of Olathe, Kansas, and Ivy Harris (age 19), of Atlanta, Georgia. They are both nice-looking.

There are a few moments of genuine comedy in "Fascinating Youth," contributed by Chester Conklin (age unknown), who, I understand, was graduated with the Class of 1898 from the University of Hard Knocks.



LILLIAN GISH IN
"LA BOHÈME"

"The First Year"

FRANK BORZAGE is a director with a keen sympathy for humble, average people, and he was therefore well qualified to handle the screen version of Frank Craven's great play, "The First Year."

It seems to me that he has done a good job with it, in spite of the fact that there was almost no movie material in the original manuscript. It makes a thoroughly unexciting picture, to be sure, but it is saved from dullness by its intelligence and its truthfulness.

Matt Moore is excellent as the diffident young mariner who set sail on what we stylists call the turbulent seas of matrimony. Kathryn Perry is equally good as the mate.

"Miss Brewster's Millions"

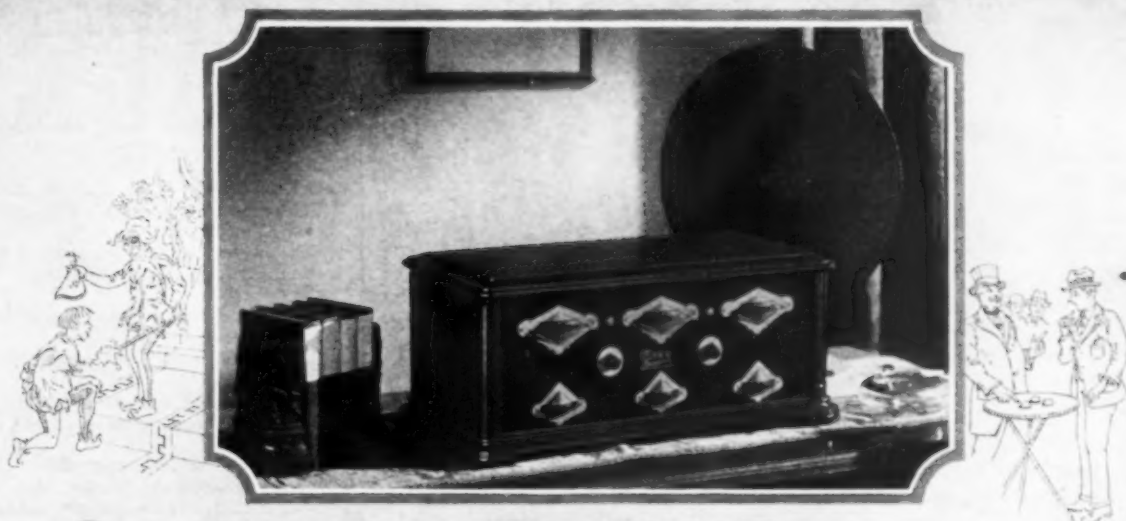
JUST before Roscoe Arbuckle had his unfortunate experience with the San Francisco police, he made a picture of "Brewster's Millions," which I saw and laughed at. "Brewster's Millions," with all the other Arbuckle films, was withdrawn by its producers and has rested in the safe-deposit vault ever since.

The idea has now been resurrected to provide a holiday for Bebe Daniels. It is called "Miss Brewster's Millions," the inheritance having been shifted easily from a male star to a female.

"Miss Brewster's Millions" is an exceedingly silly farce, witless most of the time, boisterously funny in spots. Miss Daniels is not the world's foremost comedienne, but she managed to learn some tricks from Harold Lloyd which, wisely enough, she has not forgotten.

R. E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 34)



To Some Radio Buyers April 1st is Any Day in the Year

SOME purchasers of radio sets seem candidates for the "Royal Order of the Cap and Bells." They are the kind who still fall for the ancient shell game. With so many good sets to be had, their choice is governed by outside appearance rather than inward worth.

The appearance of the Grebe Synchronphase is especially pleasing, but we emphasize rather its interior construction and those exclusive Grebe developments which make possible the long continuance of its superior reception: yiz, the "Colortone" which gives control over voice and music independent of the loud speaker's characteristics; the *Binocular Coils* which enable you to get the station wanted and keep out the others; the *Low-Wave Extension Circuits*, *S-L-F Condensers* and other exclusive features responsible for the Grebe's outstanding performance.

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Editor

This company owns and operates stations WAHG and WBOQ.

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and
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AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Prairie Minnesingers

Progress of the fine arts in Springfield, the old home of Abraham Lincoln:

"A championship hog-calling contest will be held here Saturday. Winners will give a rendition of their art over the radio."

—American Mercury.

Who Cares?

"See how the motorists have littered up the camping grounds. There ought to be a law about this."

"There probably is."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Last Word in Prince Jokes

"I thought the Prince of Wales was to be here."

"Oh, 'e'll be right along now. 'Ere comes 'is 'orse."—Harvard Lampoon.

BRIEF characterization of a real boom town: One in which a cup of coffee costs a quarter.—Detroit News.



Liz: YES, MY DEAR—MARRIED FIVE YEARS, AND I STILL KISS MY HUSBAND GOOD-BY EVERY MORNING.

Meg: SO DO I, BUT I HAVE TO TAKE CARE NOT TO WAKE HIM UP!

—Bulletin (Sydney).

LADY (visiting slums): How low!
INERBRIATE: H'lo yashelf.—Gargoyle.

The Dervish, or Faith and Works (Revealing the untoward results of a winter cruise in quest of sunshine.)

Within a tent at Kairouan
I watched a very holy man.

Much as I felt one owed the vicar,
I had to own the dervish slicker.

O Reverend Mr. Spink, M.A.,
You sound so powerful when you pray—

But can you tweak a scorpion's tail,
Or laugh at punctures with a nail?

Your quips convulse the Young Men's
Smoker;
But could you lick a red-hot poker—

Burst into flame at mouth and nose,
Or stoke a furnace with your toes?

Farewell. Consider me enrolled
Henceforward in the Moslem fold.
—C. R. G., in The Manchester Guardian.

Darwinism at Sea

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"
"Who is it?"

"The captain's monkey!"
—Le Monde Colonial (Paris).

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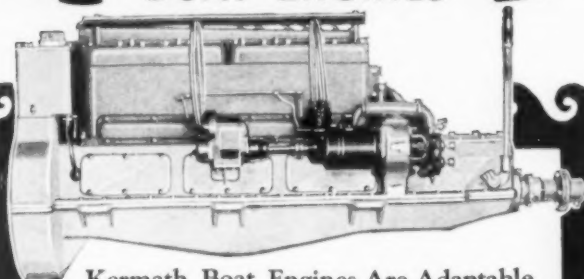
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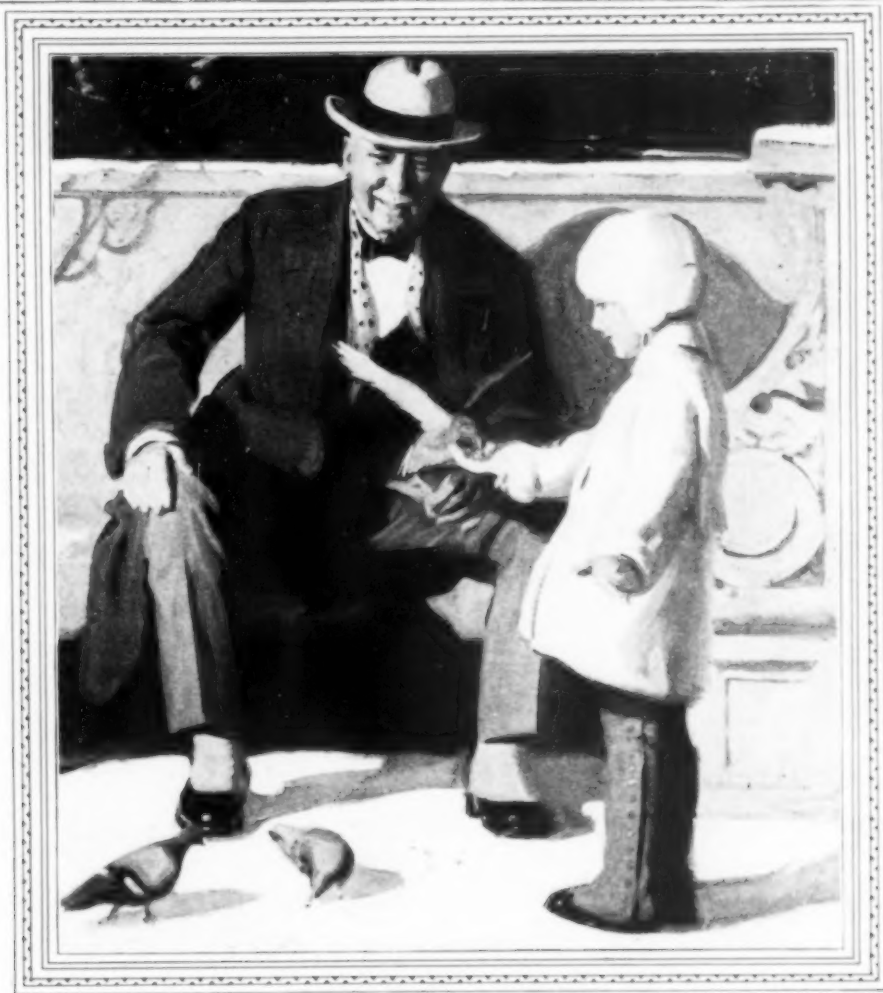
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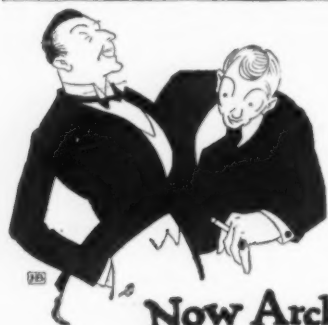
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and
Nerve-Racking
to Drive
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Now Archie can be himself! No more aprons or blinders for him with this marvelous device clamped to the pantry shelf.

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There comes a time in the life of every family when a lot of orange or grapefruit juice becomes a pressing need. In such festive hour, you shouldn't be without a Seald Sweet Extractor. A few turns of the crank and the amber juice gurgles into the waiting bowl. And it does a clean, quick, thorough job—as neat and systematic as an old maid aunt!

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The Florida Citrus Exchange
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Identity Lost

The proprietor of a restaurant noticed a sandwich which had been on the shelves for several hours. Approaching one of the girls, he inquired:

"What's wrong with that sandwich?"

"Nothing, sir," the girl replied.

"Well, then, why don't you sell it?"

"We haven't sold it," the girl explained, "because none of us knows what kind of a sandwich it is."

—Youngstown Telegram.

Sacrifice

As an illustration of the axiom that this is a changing world the following story has its point.

Two friends dining at a downtown club were discussing the romance of a common acquaintance. "Dorothy is very devoted to him, isn't she?" observed one. "She's head over heels in love with him," was the rejoinder. "She's quit drinking; she's quit smoking, and she's quit swearing, all for his sake."—Argonaut.

C'ellarette sideboard or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Aids digestion. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Her Memory

SHE (after the proposal): I'm sorry, Teddy. Maybe some other girl will make you forget me.

HE: I can never forget you!

SHE (sweetly): Oh, yes, you can. You did it very nicely my last birthday.

—Country Gentleman.

Gr-r-r!

Mail-order Query—"I have a thick neck, prominent eyebrows and a pug nose. What collar should I wear?"

Reply—"We recommend a leather one with brass studs and a buckle."

—Denison Flamingo.

THE Wellsville Globe leads its editorial column this week with an able editorial on spring. The editorial is as follows: "Fore!"—Kansas City Star.

A WRITER observes that nowadays a woman will sacrifice everything to her complexion. Even her complexion.

—Ideas (London).

Our Headache Corner



Edited by
HENRY HEADACHE

Edited exclusively for those who are occasionally afflicted with headaches. They are our best people, the ones with the superiority complex.

The cost of living is high, but it's worth it.

Sometimes you pay the price with a headache—but needlessly!

Yes, it's stupid to suffer with a pain in the noble bean, when you can get rid of it (the pain, not the n. b.) easily and evenly pleasantly.

We knew you'd ask that: well, the answer is Kohler-Antidote, the remedy that does its stuff gently and harmlessly.

Just a few minutes, and your headache is replaced with the wonderful feeling that life is mighty nice, after all. Lotsa pep 'n everything.

Compare that with how you've felt after shocking your system with a potent drug.

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MEN—Stop Falling Hair!

GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Send for "GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on Scalp and Hair." It will show you practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

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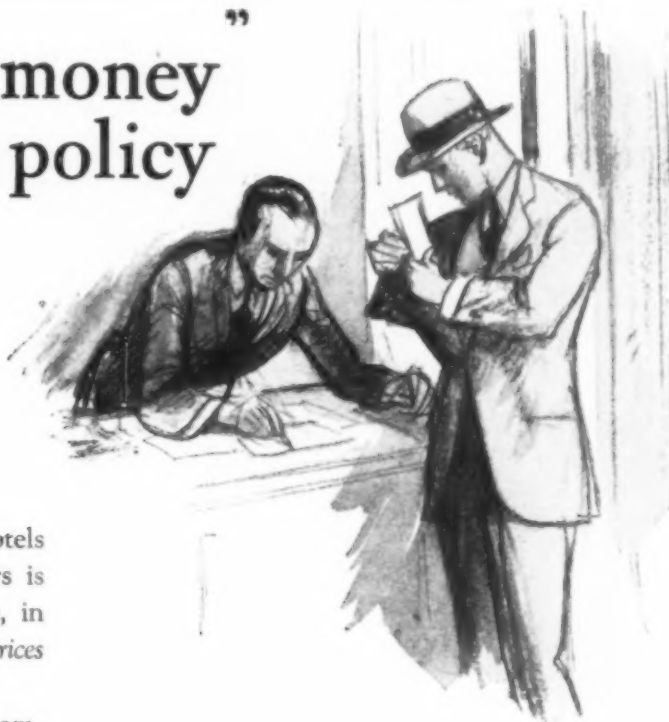


ONE THING these hotels have always meant to travelers is better values—in rooms, in food, in service, in comfort. Just compare Statler values and prices with those of other first-class hotels.

And then in service: you are promised complete satisfaction in every transaction, and every employee is under permanent orders to satisfy you when he is serving you—or, if he can't do so, to get his superior on the job at once.

The theory behind that practice is, of course, that every employee is to go to the limit of his authority to please you; and if he fails to please you, he is to get someone who can and will—someone with more authority.

Another thing that counts with you is the completeness of these hotels' facilities—the variety from which you may choose. Each of them has, for instance, a cafeteria or a lunch-counter (or both), in addition



to the more elaborate dining-rooms which you expect in a first-class hotel.

And in any and every case you get comfort, convenience, all the advantages of the most modern construction and equipment. You get, in short, more for your money.

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Rates are from \$3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from \$3.50 in Buffalo, and from \$4 in New York. For two people, these rooms are \$4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis, \$5 in Detroit, \$5.50 in Buffalo, and \$6 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from \$5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from \$6.50 in Buffalo, and from \$7 in New York.

And remember that every room in these houses

has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street-store prices. You pay no more here than outside the hotel.

The experienced traveler plans to be in a Statler over Sunday.

Boston's Hotel Statler is Building:

A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the Park Square District of Boston—to be opened late this year, with 1300 rooms, 1300 baths.

And an Office Building:

Adjoining the hotel will be the Statler Office Building, with 200,000 sq. ft. of highly desirable office space. The two structures will occupy the entire block.

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Before purchasing your next pair of shoes, it will pay you to see the many smart models for EASTER displayed at the W. L. Douglas store, or the Douglas dealer in your vicinity.

W. L. Douglas' name and portrait, stamped on every shoe at the factory, guarantee the quality and the value

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Ultra smart and dainty, yet they are so well made that they give long service. Moderately priced, too!

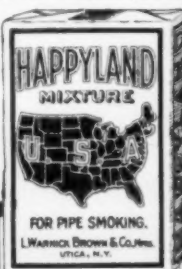
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Since 1838



THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 28)

The Black Pirate. Douglas Fairbanks on a pirate ship, in beautiful color.

Irene. The story of a mannequin who breaks into society, played (this time) by Colleen Moore.

The Cave Man. Engaging farce comedy, with Marie Prevost and Matt Moore.

The Torrent. Peppery Spanish love, exceptionally well done.

La Bohème. King Vidor, Lillian Gish and John Gilbert collaborate in a rather dreary film version of the famous opera.

Mare Nostrum. U-boats and red-hot passion in the Mediterranean, effectively depicted by Rex Ingram.

Dancing Mothers. Typical tripe.

Three Faces East. Well-played melodrama of political intrigue during the late unpleasantness.

What Happened to Jones. All sorts of strenuous fun with Reginald Denny.

The Grand Duchess and the Waiter. Fly, flip comedy, delicately

handled by Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor and Mal St. Clair.

Moana. Beautiful, intelligent and absorbingly interesting picture of the South Seas, directed by Robert Flaherty.

Partners Again. Potash and Perlmutter on the down-grade.

The Song and Dance Man. Just fair.

Oh, What a Nurse! Syd Chaplin is funny.

Memory Lane. A pleasant romance, expertly directed by John M. Stahl.

The American Venus. A nice, clean, leg show.

The Black Bird. Lon Chaney in the shadows of Limehouse.

Mannequin. Do I have to repeat that this is just about the world's worst plot?

Hands Up. More laughs from Raymond Griffith.

Ben-Hur. The great-great-grandfather of "Abie's Irish Rose."

The Vanishing American. Some impressive scenes, some ham melodrama, and a sterling performance by Richard Dix.

The Merry Widow, Lady Windermere's Fan, Stella Dallas and The Big Parade. Don't miss any of these.

R. E. S.

His Position

HIS WIFE: Marjorie is very much put out because you won't let her marry the Count.

RICH AMERICAN FATHER: Of course I won't! I bought her three dukes last year and they have positively got to last her until spring.

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A railroad fireman started a pile of Edgeworth tins on the American desert as a sort of shrine, he says. Passengers and employees, according to his story, caught the spirit and the pile grew fast.

Another smoker writes from Egypt that he has scattered Edgeworth tins along the Nile and succeeded in placing one in the innermost chamber of a Pharaoh's tomb.

A telegraph operator says he uses Edgeworth tins as amplifiers for the Morse code that comes in over his various wires.

Still another use is brought to light by Mr. L. C. Quinn of New York. He says:

New York City

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

As a member of the Edgeworth Club, I want to tell you of a little scheme I have to help the game along. When I take the last pipeful from the blue can, I always set it up in some conspicuous place where it may be seen by passengers on the subway or elevated platforms, or in an office window where passersby may have their attention mutely drawn to this very good smoking tobacco, which I have been using for eleven years. Maybe other members of the Club would like to follow suit when they have an opportunity.

Yours very truly

L. C. Quinn.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Com-

pany, 16 P. S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth ready-rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 236 meters.]

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 25)

THE Princess Bibesco's short stories are not half bad, and if that be damning with faint praise, I am sorry. Because, even though some of them don't quite come off, the reader does not go entirely empty away. It is as if the Princess always aimed at the church steeple and occasionally hit the roof. "Balloons" I remember most pleasantly, and now comes "The Whole Story" (Putnam), another collection which proves what a woman of the world possessing sympathy and imagination—and a typewriter—can do if she makes mental notes as she glides through life. Her backgrounds and settings are quite likely to be charming and plausible, and her dialogue not too far removed from the actualities of polite experience. In this connection, how much more delightful to write as one having authority, and not as the scribes!

"CLARA BARRON," by Harvey O'Higgins (Harper), is one of the most interesting novels I have ever read. It has for its heroine a young woman whose singleness of purpose and speed in execution will make every one of you feel like a spineless good-for-nothing in the conduct of your own affairs. Disgusted with the degenerate environment into which her family, after better days in Canada, has sunk, Mary Ferrenden comes to New York, takes her mother's maiden name, Clara Barron, and works up from a waitress in a cheap restaurant to a famous feature writer and leader in the woman's movement. She is uninteresting and unattractive, and lacks all capacity for emotion or pleasure, but a white light burns within her soul which removes mountains to the extent of getting furniture delivered the day she orders it. And somehow Mr. O'Higgins manages to keep you tremendously concerned as to what happens to her.

"WOMEN: AN INQUIRY," by Willa Muir (Knopf), goes over the same old ground suggested in its title without doing anything to disturb the supremacy in its field of H. L. Mencken's "In Defense of Women." It points out that generalizations are always made about women, and never about men except in classes. For instance, women have no sense of justice, no sense of honor; women cannot be trusted with political power; women are all the better for a good beating with a stick. It does not, however, quote the old proposition which every woman knows, "Men are different, but all husbands are alike." Baird Leonard.

THERE was one thing to be said for the horse. You didn't have to waste good alcohol to keep him from freezing.



No. 1710 is a real golf pipe. A sporty looker, and a mighty friendly, comfortable little briar.

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

Get more pleasure from pipe smoking by smoking a better pipe! In Milano's bowl, hand-fashioned of century-old Italian briar, are years of solace and satisfaction. There's beauty in its graceful contours. And from the very first puff, you'll know why thousands call it "the sweetest pipe in the world".

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, \$3.50 up. Rustic models, \$4.00 up. All are "Insured" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

MILANO

"The Insured Pipe"

"It's a WDC"





TRAVEL

The Road to Yesterday

A seventeenth century spring is smiling in Quebec. Come up a few hundred miles—go back a few hundred years—and rest awhile in this nook of old Normandy! First, you'll notice that the road signs are in French. Then come wayside shrines, quaint villages with old-world names, dogs hitched to carts, and peasants who pass the time of day in French. Everywhere, the flavor of old France. And, finally, looming on the heights above a mighty river, a baronial castle—*Chateau Frontenac*. Within, is 1926. Spacious restaurants. Lounges that invite reading—or musing over uncut pages. Rooms in period furniture, overlooking the St. Lawrence and miles of verdant countryside. Perfectly trained servants, always a thought ahead of your wishes. Where could be more comfort—more atmosphere—more Charm? Come, take the road to yesterday—to *Quebec*! As ever, *Chateau Frontenac* bids you welcome! Full information at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Avenue, at 44th Street, New York; 71 East Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; or, *Chateau Frontenac*, Quebec, Canada.

**CHATEAU
FRONTENAC**
BIENVENUE À QUÉBEC

Watch This Space!

DEAR LIFE:

We particularly like turning to the Silent Drama page, and the Confidential Guide of Broadway shows, and the Life and Letters sheet, to be met with something like this:

RUN ALONG (*Curses Theatre*)—

To be reviewed later.

OH, GO ON (*Tom's Little Theatre*)

—Review in later issue.

HIGH SPOTS (*Frisky Theatre*)—

Review some other time.

THE COVERED EGG (*Movie*)—Re-

view later.

ANOTHER LOVE (*Cinema*)—To be

reviewed in later issue.

THE AWFUL SIN (*B. V. D. Pub.*

Co.)—Review some other week.

EXCEPTIONAL SIN (*Liverwong Pub.*

Co.)—To be reviewed when we

have the space.

We do think that you have lost a large opportunity by not having more of these jokes on other pages. To instance:

LATEST WISE CRACK.

(To be printed in future issue.)

THE WORLD'S BEST PUN.

(To be printed later.)

BEST HUMOROUS POEM.

(See next week's issue.)

LARGEST LAUGH.

(When we have time and space.)

We believe that this joking could be kept up indefinitely, to the great amusement of your readers.

Hettie Fithian Cattell.

The Traveling Actors

THE Los Angeles train pulled slowly into the Chicago station. Five women who believed they had been taken for Norma Talmadge all the way East let the muscles of their faces relax and began to gather their make-up boxes. Six young girls who were sure the other passengers thought they were Lois Moran took a final look at the men they had identified as John Gilbert, Eugene O'Brien, Ben Lyon and Ricardo Cortez. The men stood in the aisle looking like Milton Sills to the last. It had been a long, tedious journey and they were all tired and cross. The one whom the passengers had put down as Raymond Griffith was especially glad to be himself again. He had found the rôle difficult and had made up his mind that the next time he took a Los Angeles train he would pick out an easier one.

As they all trooped out of the car and down the steps, jostling one another in their effort to pick out their bags and get away, they never saw Norma Shearer.

McC. H.



QUITE the highest praise for the newest and finest Paige comes from those who have owned and driven former Paiges. For they know how jealously Paige has always guarded the quality of its product. They know, too, that the men who have been building and bettering the Paige car through some 17 years have given too much of their time and talent and toil ever to set their mark upon an inferior product. And they, therefore, are first to appreciate that although the new Paige can be purchased for nearly a thousand dollars less than its predecessor; there has been no lessening of quality, no impairment of performance. But that on the contrary—Paige quality is this year as fine as ever before, Paige workmanship as deliberate and as precise, and Paige performance even more brilliant and more satisfying.

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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 11)

reserves and tell me of the difficulties she is having with her husband, until I was minded of something I once read to the effect that any little thing in petticoats can spar to advantage with a clever man, but it takes a damned smart woman to manage a fool. Much comfort to Lizzie from her confidences, however, and I did advise her to go out and buy some wearing apparel just a little more costly than her purse could afford, knowing well that more solace abides in brave raiment than in all the dicta of philosophy and religion. Thence to Effie Goings', finding there Ralph Richardson of Chicago, and we did put in the afternoon faking telephone messages to Mary Gaines from photographers, real estate agents, etc., until we worked her to the pitch of announcing that she would not have a co-operative apartment even though the initial payment was but a dime and that she would set her dogs on any man appearing on the morrow with a camera. A witless way to dispose of time, one might think, but not if he knew Mary. ...To the playhouse this night to see *The Great Gatsby*, a piece which sets one to thinking that mayhap thirty-five dollars a case is not too much to pay for gin, all things considered, and at the finish Sam kept lamenting violently that *Gatsby* had been shot instead of Tom Buchanan, for the sole reason, as far as I could make out, that Tom wore bad riding clothes and maladjusted spurs.

Baird Leonard.

The Piker

MR. GINSBERG, the Florida realtor, died and went to Heaven, where he became a member of the Trans-Styx Country Club. He immediately began to tell the other members about the subdivision which he could have sold for ten million dollars instead of one million if he had held it for six months longer.

A red-complexioned member got up with a bored air and walked away.

"Who is that man?" asked Mr. Ginsberg.

"Oh," replied another member, "that is the Indian chief who sold Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars."

D. R. S.

In New York

DALE: So they raided the apartment across the hall last night?

DALE: Yes; this is getting to be a tough neighborhood. I'm going to move up to the end of the hall.

LONDON announces the invention of a stocking that will not run. Certain elements in Texas would gladly present a pair to Ma Ferguson.



*They pass
the word along*

THERE is something universal about the good word for General Cords. Certainly no other tire has given its users the satisfaction from which such comment springs.

General has so many "talkable" advantages that stand out in the user's daily experiences. He is not called upon to seek his enthusiasm in the hidden technicalities of manufacture. You can look at a General Cord and see the extra thickness. Take hold of it and you feel the same thing.

As you mix the way with good roads and bad you experience the full meaning of low

pressure. You soon notice that the gasoline saving and added motor power are considerable items. And the protection of the mechanical parts of your car, due to General's low-pressure features, tells its own story in longer car life.

These are some of the advantages that have made the good word for General so universal. These are the things that have brought General into such popular demand because these, together with almost unbelievable mileage, are advantages the user can actually see and feel.

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A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON



You Can't
Comb Out
Dandruff

Highbrows

"TO use a vulgar phrase, Bill, I'm down and out."

"As the gum-chewers say, how come, Ted?"

"Well, to stoop to the vernacular for a moment, the editor gave me the gate this morning."

"Indeed? If I may borrow a slang term, Ted, that is certainly tough on you."

"It is, Bill. As a flapper would put it, you said it."

"By way of a trite metaphor, Ted, have you anything else on deck?"

"No, Bill. The truth, in similar outworn language, is that I thought you might have something up your sleeve."

"I see you believe in the platitude that a friend in need is a friend indeed."

"True, Bill, and you're the friend. As the man in the street would probably ask, can you give me a tip?"

"Well, there is Joe Brown, editor of *Moonlight Tales*. He told me this morning, in editorial cant, that he was gunning for a good love yarn."

"My thanks, Bill, heartily. To complete your strenuous figure of speech, I'll try to get within range. Meanwhile, as the Rotarians say, behave yourself and watch your step."

"I'll try, Ted. As the Babbitts have it, so long!"

Lloyd E. Smith.

Fairy Story

HIS host asked a Peoria buyer whether he preferred to see "Hamlet" or "Artists and Models." "Hamlet," was the reply.

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 of Spain, Royal Highness, world
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Paris 24/1925
"¿Cuándo de
usted a conocer
su calidad de
Príncipe?"
"Fumando un
Melachrino"
Don Luis

TRANSLATION
 When do you feel like a prince?
 Smoking a Melachrino.
 DON LUIS

ATLANTIC OCEAN MEDITERRANEAN SEA

SPAIN

ORIGINAL
MELACHRINO
 "The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"
 Plain-Cork or Straw Tips

*When you and spring
are thrilling to the first ball game of
the year—and your favorite player
drives out a homer—when the
stands rise, roaring with cheers
—have a Camel!*



Camels contain the very choicest tobaccos grown in all the world. Camels are blended by the world's most expert blenders. Nothing is too good for Camels. In the making of this one brand we concentrate the tobacco knowledge and skill of the largest organization of tobacco experts in the world. No other cigarette made is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

WHEN spring's first ball game is here. And a heavy hitter cracks the ball, shrieking into center-field for a home run—oh, happy mortal, as the stands roar with glee—*have a Camel!*

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So this fair spring day as the bases fill and a hefty batter lofts out one that it seems will never stop flying—oh, then, taste the smoke that means completed enchantment. Know then the mellowest flavor that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!



Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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